10/2/69

Dear Moo,

Long ago I learned that as New Orleans is like no other city, so also are its politics and its voters. What would defeat a man elsewhere can make him a hero in your town. This makes reading a campaign from the distance even more difficult and increases the prospect of drawing invalid conclusions.

Unless Jim is a lead-pipe cinch, I can take no comfort from what I read in your papers. I have, for example, seen not a single attack on Connick. Ny anyone. It doesn't have to be Jim. If what I have in mind were a good idea, it might be better if someone other than Jim did it.

I may be wrong, but he seems to me to be the one to beat, the one to watch, the one with the fat cats behind him.

And if I were faced with him as an opponent, especially in New Orleans, by the time the campaign ended he'd be known as Mr. Washington, not Connick. I think that even in New Orleans it is possible to make Washington even less popular.

Once upon a time my driving time was my thinking time. I stayed so busy writing I had little other time to think things out. Lately, while driving less, I have spent some time in physical activities of the sort that free the mind, and I've been doing some thinking about the eventualities you may face, especially in the last minute, when there is little time for adequate response. I believe the windup of your campaign will be real filthy, and I have a notion of the kind of stuff they'll pull. Meanwhile, they are building an image of Connick as the serious-minded and serious, dedicated enemy of crime and criminals, helped by unfortunate oversights that make it look as though your office has been negligent about both crime and criminals. With this foundation, the last-minute flith may be even more effective.

My own experience in New Orleans, all of which preceeds the end of the Shaw trial, leads me to believe Jim is probably the most popular man in the city, if not the State. Such a man cannot be beaten in the usual ways. And my own contacts range from the most extreme of the right to what down there passes for the left.

I hope, if an when what I anticipate comes to pass, you are not caught by surprise.

Meanwhile, I note that when it was possible for you to send me what you promised by hand, bypassing the prevalent paranoia about the mails, and when you promised it, you failed.

Please remember me to everyone.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg